

VOICES of PEACE



March, 1929
RALEIGH, N. C.



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VOICES of PEACE

A LITERARY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
THE STUDENTS OF PEACE INSTITUTE

VOLUME III

MARCH, 1929

NUMBER 7

March, 1929

Subscription \$1.50 a Year

Single Copies 40 Cents

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Raleigh, N. C.

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EDITORIAL

OUR CONTRIBUTION TO BEAUTY

In this jazz-mad, bustling age of ours how many of us stop to think of the beauty of this old world? One of our modern poets has told us to "give all you have for loveliness," yet we do not need to give all we have, we just need to use our eyes and ears, and give a little attention.

This intangible thing called beauty repays us for so much pain and heartache. A winter sunset, clear green water capped with dancing foam, autumn's splendid array of color, white candles in a gilded room, old china, shining metal, open fires, rain, sunshine, our own campus alive with singing birds, and baby grass trying to push through the warm brown earth—all these are beautiful. And now that Spring is on its way we should notice these things more than ever.

We would love to have a share in making things lovely. Our campus with its beautiful trees, and well planned walks and flower beds, needs our attention. A campus scattered with paper, cartons, and broken twigs, is certainly not attractive. Can't our first contribution to beauty be cleanliness?

DAWN

The night bent low; her sable drapery
Hung loose, and in her dusky clouds of hair
Cool jewels clung—remote, serene, and fair.
With pale and slender fingers, tenderly
She folded back pink covers, setting free
The baby dawn; and then, with loving care,
She lifted him all rosy in the air.

MARION TATUM, '30.

AMONG KINGS

I moved a little, yawned, and then cuddled more deeply into the depths of the big arm-chair. Vaguely, as if from a great distance, I heard the grandfather clock chime out in the hallway; one, two, three, four, five, six—it seemed to hesitate—to go on seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven; it clicked and hushed. Silence settled again, broken only by the crackling of the logs in the fire and the low moaning of the wind in the chimney. Surely Mother and Daddy would come soon; I was so sleepy. I felt my eye-lids close and was almost asleep when something—

Why, how funny! Everything was dark. I rubbed my eyes dizzily. Why, it had been light a few seconds ago. Oh, now I

could see. There was the light bobbing right in front of me; it wagged shakily, then lurched forward. Of course, I thought I must follow it! I wondered where it could be going. I must find out. It jerked suddenly forward, then rushed ahead. I followed, keeping up as best I could. The mad chase continued until the light stopped so suddenly that I almost fell over in my attempt to stop also.

A light! Why, how silly of me to think it a light; I laughed crazily to myself. Why, it was a little man! But how queerly his face shone! and he seemed all head. I thought perhaps he could explain things.

"Mr. Light," I inquired politely, "can you tell me who you are, where I am and why?"

He turned quickly—throwing the full glare of his face on me so that I shrank back frightened. Then he roared out, "Hey, you crazy, pie-faced lobster, be quiet, can't you?"

I fairly gasped with surprise, and before I could speak again, he switched around and rushed off. I stood stupidly staring for a minute, then started to follow again. Suddenly, however, I struck my foot on something; and down I went. A high-pitched squeak sounded right in my ears, and I whirled around to see another queer person before me. He was no taller than my knee and looked up at me with the dirtiest, blackest face I ever saw.

"Why—er—pardon me," I stammered, "but did I run over you?"

"You did, you did!" squeaked the queer creature. "Why can't you mortals be more careful? As if it were not bad enough to dig us, you have to come down here and knock us over!"

"I'm awfully sorry, sir; but I'm sure I've never dug you up, and I certainly don't want to be here."

"Well, you are, and you did!" he replied, slightly mixed up; and would have walked off—had I not grabbed him just in time.

"Oh, but it wasn't I; I didn't! Won't you tell me where I am, and who you and your light brother are?"

"Light brother?" he queried, then flew into such a rage that I loosed him. "Don't you dare call that sneaky, stuck-up snob my brother! Don't you dare!"

His fierce look contrasted so oddly with his squeak that I wanted to laugh, but it seemed more advisable to repair the damage already done than to do more, so I hastily began to make amends for my error.

"No, why of course not," I soothed. "But won't you tell me who you are?"

"Who I am?" he fairly shrieked, "I'm King Coal! Coal, I tell you, and you dared; you had the impudence to call that conceited snobbish Diamond my brother!"

I stared a minute before my dazed brain could understand his words.

"And you live here?" I asked, finally.

"Certainly!" he snapped crossly, "Where else did you suppose that Coal lived except in the middle of the earth?"

"Oh! So this is the middle of the earth?" I echoed like a parrot, feeling exceedingly stupid beside this funny little creature.

He seemed thoroughly disgusted and stalked off with an amusing mimicry of dignity.

After my black friend had departed, I glanced about me. At school they said that it was hot and burning in the middle of the earth, but it seemed that they were mistaken. This was no more fiery than anywhere else. On the contrary, it was delightfully cool and pleasant. I wandered aimlessly, looking carefully on the ground to be sure that I stepped on no more of the inhabitants, in case there were any lying around.

Before long I came to the most beautiful green field I had ever seen. Surely, I thought, someone must be living here. I thought I would go and see. So deeply interested was I in the beautiful scene that I almost passed a tiny green man sitting on the ground watching me. I halted and turned towards him.

“Hail, Mortal,” he greeted me pleasantly, “where are you bound?” His grin was so encouraging that I sat down and ventured to inquire about the field, hoping inwardly that he would not think me stupid.

“The field?” he asked, then looked at me closely. “Why, Mortal, this is no field!” He threw his head back and laughed so loudly that I was uncomfortable and started to leave. He stopped instantly. “Wait a minute, Stranger. You see, this is no field; this is Emerald Realm.”

“Emerald Realm!” I repeated in wonder, “but what—”

“Well, you see,” he pointed out kindly, “down here in the middle of the earth is where all the mineral kings live. The King of Coal—”

“Oh, yes,” I interrupted impolitely, “I saw him. I fell over him, and he was so very angry when I called Mr. Diamond his brother.”

“Yes,” said Emerald, grinning, “that was he. I suppose he was asleep as usual. You people are going to give out of coal some day if he don’t get busy. You see,” he continued, as he doubtless noticed my amazed expression, “the kings down here have charge of all the minerals. Each mineral has a king; and unless the kings keep busy sending up their subjects to supply the earth, you would die. That is what I am doing now. Do you see that end of the realm over there moving? Those are some of my subjects. The emeralds need replenishing, so I am sending these up near the surface to be dug up by the mortals.”

"Oh," I gasped with horror, "do you mean to say that they are your subjects that we cut up for emerald rings, and that we burn real people for coal?"

"Why, certainly," he answered with a grin, "that's what we are here for. We love to give ourselves to the people of the earth if they appreciate us and take care of us. But you must excuse me; I must go and bid my departing subjects farewell."

He hopped up and ran to the farthest end of the field, and I was left again to my own devices. I was beginning to wonder how I was going to get home. I should have asked Emerald, but I didn't know where to look for him again. Perhaps King Coal would tell me if I would depart in the same way. I walked into the gloom that now seemed doubly oppressive after the brightness of Emerald's Realm.

A long search failed to bring to light the missing King Coal. Oh, yes, I knew what was the matter—why I couldn't find him; I was sleepy, and my eyes smarted; I wanted to sit down, and perhaps he would come by and tell me how to go home. I was going to sleep; but then, no, King Coal might pass, and I'd miss him. But it could not be helped. I must go to sleep.

I heard a bump, and something slammed. I awoke with a jump; a blinding light flashed in my eyes, and there stood Mother laughing at me.

"Don't you think your bed would be more comfortable than that chair?"

It took all the wits that I possessed to bring myself back to the living room. Still, I was right there; and there was the fire just as I had left it, but with the wood almost burned out.

"Oh, Mother," I gasped with relief, "I'm so glad we don't have grates and burn coal. Let's don't ever burn any more of that old coal."

IRENE ROBERTSON, '30.

METAMORPHOSIS

Sticky fingers and round, wide eyes,
Giggles and shrieks and odd little cries;
An apron torn, and a shoe untied,
A little brown dog and a sled beside.

Gray gloved hands and cool gray eyes,
Tones ever telling polite little lies;
A Paris frock, and an air of pride,
The same little girl—deep down inside.

ALICE MCLEAN, '29.

JILTED

“Well, I—I guess I’ll congratulate you now,” stammered Gary Styring in a queerly strained voice.

He blinked twice and lowered his blue eyes to the dazzling white sand. His tanned hands twisted nervously, and his polished shoes dug holes in the hot sand.

Mr. William Blunt carefully screwed his large, black, waxed mustache. His heavy lips curled into a smile, revealing several gold front teeth. So fixed was this smile that it was evident he wished to exhibit these examples of dental dexterity and of his own fat purse. His fierce black eyes gleamed triumphantly as he queried in a slightly patronizing tone, “What! Ain’t yu comin’ to our weddin’? Sure now, yu ain’t gonna sulk ’cause Bessie jilted yu’, are yu now?”

"I've got to go over to Bell Island to see about some oysters for the roast tomorrow night. I don't guess I can go. Well, I'll be going on. Wish you luck."

He turned away and walked wearily down the street toward the docks. William Blunt stared after him, then shrugged his massive shoulders and shook his head. Swinging a heavy, gold-headed cane, he strutted down the street. Suddenly he broke into a loud horse laugh. His eyes shone maliciously as he exclaimed, "The young fool! Quarreling with a girl over a dinky bouquet and breaking off the engagement. Humph! Let 'em have their own way 'fore you marry 'em and treat 'em rough afterwards is my motto! That quarrel was lucky for me, an' I got Bessie now! Pretty girl, Bessie!"

He kicked wrathfully at a rollicking puppy on the shell strewn path. The puppy fled yelping, followed by Blunt's curses.

"What time's the weddin'?" called a fat woman from a window.

"At nine o'clock tonight at Harper's Point," shouted Blunt. "We're gonna use the 'Dora May' to sail in. Leave 'bout five o'clock, and with the breeze that's blowing today we ought to make the twelve miles in a hour an' a half or two hours at most!"

The stout woman glanced back into the room and said something, then turned again to Blunt.

"If you're takin' that sharpy, the 'Dora May,' you ought to could take a crowd," she said pleadingly.

"So I could!" exclaimed Blunt as if he had not thought of that. "That's what I'll do! Yu come, an' bring Grace and John. We'll make a party of it."

* * * * *

The hot summer sun beat down on the painted decks of the "Dora May" as she pounded her side against the dock, impelled by the flood tide.

Blunt, seated on the deck on a coil of rope, called loudly, "Jones! Jones! Whadda yu mean, lettin' her bump her sides like that? Drop some cork fenders down there double quick!"

A slim, sunburnt, dirty man slouched out of the cabin where he had been scrubbing the floor. He glared sullenly at Blunt and shambled over to the rail. His strong, tarry hands grasped a large fender and hurled it over the side as the boat moved back from the dock. Then he tightened the ropes which held the fender and lumbered back into the tiny cabin.

"Next time you do that you lose your job!" growled Blunt angrily. "I own this boat now. Be ready to sail at five sharp whether anybody else comes or not."

As Blunt spoke, five young girls crossed the dock and hailed him. They were dressed in long, tailored, navy blue skirts and frilled shirt waists. Pinned on their heads were tiny sailor hats with broad bands. Each had an arm about another's tightly laced waist. Blunt answered them and told them to come aboard.

In five minutes about fifty young people and several grown-ups were on board. The flood tide had subsided into slack tide and was slowly changing to ebb when Blunt suddenly ordered the anchor up and the sail set. The "Dora May" sailed lightly in the fresh breeze, her bulging sail sparkling in the bright light. The outgoing water rose and fell in little waves astern as it gradually began to pull forcefully seaward.

"Ebb tide," stated somebody on the crowded deck. "Be running strong now. Just 'bout when we get between them sand shoals at Leral Banks. Takes skillful piloting to keep her off of 'em, anyhow, but when the tide's goin' out! Oh, man!"

Jones' scornful, sneering voice answered, "Guess I know how to steer this boat!"

The sand hills of Leral Banks loomed up ahead and grew larger as the sharpie approached.

"We're over halfway an' it's six o'clock," announced Blunt loudly. "We'll be there in an hour."

Even as he spoke, however, there was a sharp, scraping noise under the "Dora May." She jerked, slid slowly a short distance, and stopped.

"Now we're stuck!" yelled a slim, light-haired boy at the rail.

"Tide's been going out an hour or more. That means we gotta wait till high tide again 'fore we kin git off!"

"When's it high tide again?"

"In about eleven hours from now!"

"Eleven hours!"

"Sure thing!"

"That means we spend the night here, folks! Oh, well! It could be worse!"

"I don't see how it could be! It's certainly the worst situation I've ever been in!" screamed a girl hysterically.

Teasing remarks were bandied among the young people, but Blunt said nothing. The useless sails flapped dismally in the dying wind. Jones at the rudder took out an old corn cob pipe, filled it, and lit it.

"Wind's changing!" he announced briefly.

"What's that to us? We couldn't use it now, anyway, could we?" demanded a tall, black-eyed girl pertly.

"Naw'm. But we'll be sorry jus' the same. She's changing to the north!"

"Whew! Mosquitoes and the fish factories! I can smell those awful factories now! moaned the girl.

"Well, Grace, if you can't now, you will soon!" prophesied the tall, slim boy.

Everyone was silent for a time. The water gurgled and slapped as it sank lower and lower. Now it was two feet deep, now only a little over a foot, now a foot and still running out. The sun went behind a cloud and dusk drew near. The distant trees on the top of Leral Banks grew dim and hazy and gradually faded from view. A school of small fish darted noisily around the boat, swirling and slapping the water. A big fish splashed once in the channel, and a wave slapped forcefully on the side of the "Dora May." Someone slapped viciously at his leg, and Grace said wearily, "Are they biting you, too? Well, now that the mosquitoes have arrived, we won't have long to wait for the factory perfume! Ugh!"

No one said anything, but the silence was broken more and more frequently by the sound of hands slapping at mosquitoes. At last Grace broke out again, "I can't stand this any longer! If there's a bucket or anything on board, let's burn some rags! That'll be no worse than the pleasant aroma we've been inhaling the last half hour! Go find a bucket, Jack!"

The tall boy went into the cabin and returned with a large water bucket. Several contributed handkerchiefs or ribbons and the mass of rags was at length burning merrily and adding its pungent breath to the general discomfort.

At this point Blunt rose abruptly and swung his feet over the side.

"Can't desert my bride at the altar like this," he called to the crowd, "and I'm gonna walk it. It's just eight miles by land from here, with five miles on the hard sand on the beach!"

"Say! You can't do that! What about those three miles in the marsh? You can't walk over that at night!"

"Yes, I can! Gonna try it, anyway!"

He jumped with a loud splash into the shallow water and waded to shore. No one called him back. In fact, they were glad to be rid of him; and even as he reached the shore, they burst out in song.

“Can’t give that little minx a chance like this to throw me off. Been working to get her too long. Treated me pretty dirty, but I’ll pay her back when she gets to be my wife!”

Blunt trudged on. His soggy shoes sank deep in the soft sand at each step. Little wavelets washed over them from time to time, and occasionally a white sand crab darted swiftly from before him.

The morning sun shone brightly down upon the clam and conch shells in the chicken yard of Bessie Lane’s home. Mrs. Lane bent over, scattering golden corn on the sand.

“Mrs. Lane,” called a choked voice.

Hairpins fell from her tightly coiled hair as she rose hastily. Her pleasant brown eyes distended, and she uttered an involuntary shriek as she recognized the apparition before her to be William Blunt. His face and clothes were covered with slime, mud, white sand, and swamp water. His shoes were a pulpy mass of mud.

“Mr. Blunt! Whatever has happened? Where have you been? What’s the matter?” cried the excited Mrs. Lane.

“Mrs. Lane—is Bessie—angry? Does she—er—where is she? Gosh! I’m tired! Boat got stuck an’ I—walked! Where’s Bessie?”

“Oh, Mr. Blunt! You startled me so! And—ah—Bessie? Why—ah—Gary Styring came over yesterday afternoon, and Bessie married him last night at eight o’clock!”

MARY DELAMAR, '30.

CHECKERS

Checkers, checkers everywhere,
All around the room;
A fog of smoke fills the air
And there's anything but gloom.

They come and eat my candy,
They come and eat my cake;
They check, and check, and check, and check,
Early as well as late.

They dance and prance, all around,
They talk of everything;
And, gee, it makes an awful sound
When they begin to sing, for

They come by twos, they come by fours,
And sometimes six or eight;
They check, and check, and check, and check,
But never make a date.

ELIZABETH DEBOY, '29.

FOLKLORE AND SUPERSTITION IN IRELAND

A mass of folklore exists in Ireland, where it has a firm place among the peasants. This folklore had its origin in pagan and early Christian times. In the pagan Celtic faith were deities corresponding to those of Grecian and Roman antiquity. Corresponding to Zeus and Jove was Beal, the sun-god. He was the great giver of life, and for that reason he was worshipped as the greatest god. Aine, the moon, was the goddess of water and of wisdom. Manamar MacLir ruled the oceans and seas. Crom presided over agriculture. Iphinn was the god of useful and beautiful arts and the father of Orfidh, who was like Orpheus in Greek mythology.

The priests of this pagan religion were the Druids, who held spiritual sway over the people. The priesthood, with all its secret lore, was passed down from father to son. A few selected young men were educated for priests from time to time, also. The common rites that the people participated in, including fires in honor of Beal, dances and songs, and propitiation of these gods and spirits by sacrifices of animals and human beings, became almost part of the being of the people. Some of them have survived in petty superstitious rites many hundred years.

Quite apart and distinct from the pagan religion was the people's belief in several classes of fairy beings and demons. The Duine Sidh, beings of different sizes, were thought to inhabit the hills and to issue forth to aid or torment human beings as the fancy seized them. The Tuatha de Danann, a magic race, were tall and dignified in stature and wise and noble in character. They were benignant and helpful to men. They ruled the Isle of Man and conquered the Fir Boly demons in Ireland. Later the Fomar, or sea demons, conquered the Tuatha de Danann and banished them.

The whole mass of pagan religion was thrown into disrepute after the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland in 430 A.D. A very romantic legend about St. Patrick's conversion of Ireland grew up. Very different from the legend is St. Patrick's account of the hardships and struggles he had, which he gives in his *Confession*. But, ever since St. Patrick's time, Irish clerics have taught the highly colored folklore version of the conversion of Ireland, ignoring St. Patrick's realistic account. Hence, many clerics and peasants believe as gospel truth the stories of St. Patrick's defeating the Druids by absurdly simple arguments, and overcoming pagan adversaries by all sorts of charms and spells. For example, they believe that before his coming animals could speak and prophesy but that the ringing of his bell cast the demons out of them and took away their power.

An old woman told Mr. E. G. Nugent this story. St. Patrick's servant was cutting wood in a pit out in the forest. He wished aloud for a new axe. An evil spirit in shining armor appeared and promised him a new axe if he would ask St. Patrick at morning Mass what would happen to wandering spirits at Judgment Day. The servant put the question to St. Patrick the next morning.

St. Patrick said, "For your indiscretion your soul will be lost. But, hold, I will give you my crossed staff. Get into the pit and put it over you."

The servant followed St. Patrick's directions. The spirit swooped down, left an axe, and darted away, cursing furiously all the while.

Tales concerning priests, saints, and blessed animals and places are very popular with the Irish folk. Lady Wilde tells us in "The Priest's Soul" of the time when Ireland had the best schools in the world. King's sons were sent to them from all over the world, but poor children went to them, too. Once a small peasant boy who went to one of the schools became so

excellent in arguing that he defeated everybody in the land in debate. He could prove to anybody's satisfaction that black was white. He was so famous when he grew up that boys were sent to him from all over the world to be taught. He grew vain and foolish with too much homage and proved to everybody that there was no God, heaven, hell, or soul. He lived wickedly and none stopped him.

One day an angel came to him and said, "You are going to die at the end of twenty-four hours. The only way you can save your soul from perdition is to find one person that believes in a soul."

The poor priest frantically questioned his pupils and all the people in the country-side. All of them denied the existence of a soul. He had given up in despair when a small boy sweetly told him the reasons why he believed in the existence of a soul. The priest ordered the child to stab him until he turned pale and then to run and bring his pupils to see his soul ascend to heaven. The child did so. After the priest had suffered terrible agony, his soul ascended in the form of a beautiful white being with four wings. It was the first butterfly. Ever since then people have known that butterflies are souls waiting to go to Purgatory.

King O'Toole and His Goose, by S. Lover, concerns the famous Saint Kevin. King O'Toole amused himself by hunting until he grew old and feeble. Then he amused himself by watching his trained goose swim around the lake and catch trout. The goose grew old and feeble, finally, and King O'Toole wanted to die from grief. St. Kevin appeared to him in the form of a young lad and promised to renew the youth of the goose if for pay he could have all the land that the goose flew over in her first flight. King O'Toole promised him the land, and the bird's youth was renewed. She flew over a great

piece of land, but King O'Toole kept his promise. St. Kevin lived on the land the rest of his mortal life.

Associated with the tales about saints and priests are tales about blessed animals and places. A holy trout, with a scar on his back, inhabits a well in Sligo. Years ago somebody tried to cook him, but he returned to the well. He is visible only to people who have done proper penance. Certain wells are holy and are visited by pilgrims, who throw rocks on piles beside the wells so that their prayers can be counted at Judgment Day. The wells were sanctified by priests long ago.

Most superstitious customs in Ireland center around various holidays. The early churchmen, knowing that it would be almost impossible to convert the Celts unless some adaptation were made to their long-established customs, grafted Christian celebrations on some of the pagan holidays. One of the chief combined holidays was Yule-tide. On that day the pagans had joyfully celebrated the turning north of the sun-god. The Christian celebration of Christ's birth was held on that day, and the name was changed to "Christmas." In western Ireland the people practice a very beautiful custom on Christmas Eve. They keep very large candles on the window sill "to light the Christ child on his way if he come to earth." They also leave the front door open so that he can get shelter anywhere. In spite of the Christian celebration some pagan elements survive, such as great feasts, decoration with holly and mistletoe, and the use of the name "Yule-tide."

May Day was a joyful occasion for the pagans, also, for on that day the sun-god came back to his people, whom he had left in gloom the whole winter. Battaine (Baal-fires) were built and the cattle singed or bled on May Eve for honor and propitiation of Beal. The people danced and sang for joy and decked their houses with garlands. A cake was baked in a big fire with a piece of charcoal in one part of it. The person who got the

charcoal was sacrificed to Beal. May Day has always been looked on as a lucky day in Ireland because all the great deliverers of Ireland came on May Day. May Day is still celebrated by dancing, singing, and decorating the houses with flowers; but the peasants put chief emphasis on May Eve now. The Teutonic element of witches and fairies abroad on May Eve became blended with the Irish beliefs concerning May Eve. All spirits are abroad, and spells are very powerful. Primroses are magic on May Eve. If one makes a ring of them around him and makes a wish, it will come true even if it is a wish to go to Tir-Na-N'Og, or fairyland. A path of primroses up to one's door on May Eve will bring the fairies with good luck to the house. The fairies, however, may carry off a newly married bride if she is not protected by a crucifix or a priest.

"This is May Eve too
When the good people post about the world.

Marie, have you the primroses to fling
Before the door to make a golden path
For them to bring good luck into the house?
Remember they may steal new-married brides
After the fall of twilight on May Eve."

Next in the cycle of ancient pagan holidays that survive is Midsummer Day. On June twenty-first, the summer solstice, the sun-god attained his greatest strength. That was a time of hilarious celebration. At midnight dances around huge bonfires ushered in the day. A blazing wheel, symbol of the sun, was rolled downhill. Spirits were abroad, and dreams were prophetic. Midsummer Day has become St. John's Day, but the bonfires, with their significance forgotten, are still lighted. Credulous folk in Ireland, and indeed in nearly all the countries of

Europe, think that spirits are abroad and that spells are more powerful on St. John's Day.

St. Stephen's Day is celebrated in a very curious fashion in Ireland. Boys carry dead wrens from door to door and get pennies for them. In old Ireland the wren was thought to be a treacherous bird. The wren is thought to have betrayed Ireland to England once upon a time. The wren's treachery is probably the origin of "Wren Day."

Samhain was a weird, gloomy day. It was the day before November Day when the sun-god was slain for the winter. The powers of darkness were ascendant. All sorts of spirits were abroad. If the spirits were not offended, charms were very powerful. Many parts of the present celebration are like the pagan celebration. The day is now called Hallowe'en. All spirits are abroad. The Pooka will prophesy one's fortune for the next twelve months if he is asked to. Hallowe'en is the time to recover a bewitched friend from the fairies, for they come out of their homes and troop over the roads. One should leave a saucer of milk on the sill for the fairies. On Samhain, the evil Fomar demons are let out of the cave of Cruacham in Connaught. They and some large copper-colored birds that are let out with them kill cattle. To go near a dead body or to see an apparition is dangerous on Hallowe'en.

Hallowe'en is the day of all the year for reading the future. Many methods, which cause great merriment, are used by the peasants. Small fortune symbols are drawn out of "callecannon," a dish of mashed potatoes. At parties, seven cabbages in the garden outside the house are named for seven people. The cabbages are then pulled, and if the roots are white, the namesakes will be saved; but if they are black and wormy, the namesakes will soon be with the devil. Twelve candles are put in clods from the churchyard and named for twelve guests. The way the candles burn shows what the future life of the twelve

guests will be: steady, a healthy life; wavering, sickness, etc. Boys and girls have many ways of telling who their future mates will be. A boy puts nine grains of oats in his mouth, and the first girl's name he hears is the name of his future wife. Girls tell the occupations of their future husbands by guessing the shapes melted lead takes when thrown in a glass of water. After the future has been searched at parties, a merry jig is played and danced to scare away evil spirits.

The rites by which a girl may see her future husband are generally solitary ones. One way is for her to put a splinter of wood in a glass of water beside her bed and chant,

"Husband mine that is to be,
Come this night and rescue me."

She will dream of falling in the water and of her future mate appearing and rescuing her.

The chief element in Irish folklore is the belief in fairies, who, even in their malignant guises, are always called "the good people." Several theories are advanced as to their origin. Most peasants and priests believe that they are fallen angels not good enough for heaven nor bad enough for hell and so condemned by God to the out-of-the-way places of the earth until Judgment Day. It is an undecided question whether they will be saved or lost. Others believe that the fairies are the Divine Sedh and the Tuatha de Danann grown small and obliged to live underground. Others believe that they are the pagan gods reduced in size and power. Learned men who believed in the occult have tried by theory and argument all through history to prove that there is an invisible world around our world full of beings who may be souls in the making.

The largest number of fairy beings are trooping fairies. They live in their underground forts with many treasures, dancing

and singing continually. At night, sometimes they come out for fun, but in common with other spirits they have to be gone at sunrise, or cock's crow. A mortal who goes to sleep on top of one of their "raths" is in their power and may be carried off by them. Sometimes they are helpful to men, but oftentimes they are malicious.

The peasants know many methods of averting and counter-acting the fairies' malicious acts. To prevent their stealing butter a piece of iron is put on the bottom of the churn. To keep from throwing water on them a warning is given before any is thrown from a window. To recover a true baby when the fairies have substituted a wizened fairy changeling for him, the changeling is put in a shovel over the fire. It goes shrieking up the chimney, and the human child is returned.

The peasants tell stories of encounters with various solitary fairies. The Leprechaun, or Luchryman, is the only industrious fairy. He makes shoes continually. He has laid up much gold in pots buried in the ground. If a mortal catches him and binds him with a woolen thread or a plow chain, he will be obliged to hand over "the inexhaustable shilling," which makes the owner always prosperous.

The Cluricaun is always drinking. His appearance to a mortal signifies ruin from drink. T. Crofton Croker tells the story, *Master and Man*. Billy MacDanial, who was too fond of drink, took a drink from a Cluricaun one night. He was compelled to be the fairy's servant on his nightly expeditions into gentlemen's cellars. They were invisible on their journeys. It was the night before the fairy's thousandth birthday, and he had resolved to steal the prospective bride of a young farmer. They perched on the rafters above the feast table. The bride had sneezed two times without anybody's saying, "God save us." At the third sneeze, when the fairy was getting ready to dash away with the girl, Billy roared, "God save us!" The fairy

furiously kicked Billy down on the table and vanished. At Billy's story, the people were afraid, and the priest married the couple without delay.

The Far Danig devotes himself to playing ghastly practical jokes. He assumes many different forms. Mrs. Lelia McClintock gives us the story, *Far Danig in Donegal*. Pat Diver was a wandering tinker. One night when he was refused lodging in a house, he went to sleep in the corner of the barn. He was awakened suddenly and saw four tall men turning a corpse on a rope contraption over a fire. They dragged him up and made him turn the corpse. Finally, the rope burned; and in the confusion Pat escaped and hid in a drain two miles away. Soon the men came marching with the corpse, dragged Pat out, and made him carry it. They walked and walked until they came to a graveyard. There they dug a grave and put the corpse in it. At that instant, the cocks crew. Pat's tormenters hurried away, crying loudly that if the cocks had not crowed, Pat would have been in the grave, too!

The Pooka plays rough practical jokes, but he often helps with the housework. He is a wild spirit and usually appears in the shape of horse, goat, or bull. Douglas Hyde's *The Piper and the Pooka*, describes one of the Pooka's tricks. A half-wit in County Galloway could play but one ugly tune on his pipes until he was carried off by a Pooka one night to play at an old castle at Croach Patrick. He played many beautiful tunes there. When he came home, he called his friends to hear him play; but the sound that came from his pipes was the squawk of a goose. After they had nearly killed him with ridicule, the beautiful tunes came from his pipes, and he became the best piper in the county.

The Banshee, who has the form of a woman, attends old families and mourns at the death of one of its members.

The Banshee of the O'Neal family, a family of early Irish kings, is said to be the original Banshee. She has lurked about the ancestral castle at Laugh Neagh for more than a thousand years and lamented loudly at the death of any person with the blood of the O'Neals.

Some other solitary fairies are: the Fear Gorta, the Water Sheerie, the Black Dog, and the Leanhaun Shee. Other solitary creatures are the Water Horses and Paystha, or Lake Dragons. The Geancanach is the genius of ill-managed love affairs.

The Merrow, or Mermaids, live in the oceans and frequent wild coasts. They are beautiful women with the tails of fishes. Sailors do not like to see them, as they mean bad weather. The men of the Merrow are ugly, with pig eyes and green teeth. Many stories exist about the Merrows' inter-marrying with human men!

Ghosts, or Thevshi, are held between heaven and earth by some bond of duty or affection. They often haunt people that have wronged them during life. Lady Wilde says that in the Western Isles the people believe that a big dog snaps up souls. Ghosts must obey the commands of the living. "The stable boy up at Mrs. G—'s," said an old countryman, "met the master, who had been dead two days, and ordered him to go haunt the lighthouse; and there he is still, sir."

Old people about the country often become allied with spirits in one of two ways. They become either witches or "fairy doctors." Witches are feared and hated because their power comes from their own meanness and from the devil. "Fairy doctors'" power comes from the fairies and their own natural temperament. When witches are hurting anybody, "fairy doctors" are called in to remedy the harm by their good powers!

Some of the peasants' favorite stories are about noble folk. *The Twelve Wild Geese*, by Patrick Kennedy, relates a story that occurs in some version in the folktales of many countries.

A queen had twelve sons and no daughter. One day she declared that she would give all her sons for a beautiful little daughter. An old woman appeared and told her that her wicked desire would come true. Sure enough, a year later a little girl was born to her, but her twelve sons flew out of the window as wild geese. When the beautiful little daughter grew up, she set out to search for her brothers. She found them at a palace where they lived as men at night.

The old fairy told her that she could set her brothers free from their enchantment by weaving twelve shirts of bog-down in five years, never speaking, laughing, or crying the whole time. She started the task immediately, and at the end of three years she had eight shirts made. A prince came and won her love. She took her materials with her and married him in his kingdom. A year later she gave birth to a fine little boy. The prince's wicked stepmother hated the princess. She gave the mother a sleeping potion, threw the baby from the window, and delighted to see a wolf carry it off. She put blood around the mother's mouth. Everyone thought she had eaten the baby, but she could not speak to defend herself. A year later she had all but the sleeve of the twelfth shirt made. At that time she gave birth to a beautiful little girl. The stepmother repeated her wicked performance. The princess was bound to the stake to be burned; but while she was waiting for the fire, she completed the last stitch of the twelfth shirt.

"Call my husband! I am innocent!" she cried.

At that moment the twelve wild geese appeared. She threw the shirts over them, and they turned to twelve fine young men. The old fairy appeared with the two children, whom she had taken away while she was in the form of a wolf. The prince and princess were reconciled, and all was well!

The theme of *The Haughty Princess*, by Patrick Kennedy, is also a familiar one. There was once a haughty princess who

objected to all her suitors and sneered at a fine young king, with a curl under his chin, whom her father wanted her to marry. Her father married her to a beggar to humble her pride. The beggar set her to housework, and she failed at that. He set her to selling earthenware in the market, and she broke the jars. Then she was made a scullion in the kitchen of the King's Palace in the land where they lived. One night she heard that the young king was to be married. She peeped into the ball room and was dragged out by someone. Some food that she had concealed in her clothes tumbled out. Her pride was thoroughly humbled. The young king told her to stop weeping, and disclosed himself as her beggar husband. He introduced her to the company. After she had put on some fine clothes, they had a great feast.

Long ago Carmac MacCarthy saved the life of an old woman. She gave him a tongue of gold and told him that it would give him the gift of eloquence if he would climb down very laboriously from the top of his castle and kiss a certain stone. He did so and gained the gift of eloquence. The stone he kissed was the now famous Blarney Stone at the MacCarthy ancestral castle.

The stories of traditional heroes and heroines in Ireland have more of a national character than the fairy legends, which vary in different districts. The stories of traditional characters have been kept accurate through the ages by a custom which the story tellers have of voting on the correct version of a story when it is told at gatherings.

One of the most ancient stories about a hero is the story of the founder of the O'Neal family. In early days an expedition from a distant country came with many men and ships to conquer Ireland, which was famous for its richness. The leader of the expedition told the men that the first man to touch the shore with his hand would rule the land and pass the throne

down to his heirs. A tall, stern, black-browed man saw that he was behind in the race, so he cut off his left hand with an axe and threw it to the shore. He was the first O'Neal.

Cuchulaine is the great epic hero of Ireland. He corresponds to Beowulf in England. He is thought to have lived during the same years that Beowulf did. He was christened Setanta, son of Sualtich. He became an extraordinary child. At nine years of age he made a trip over some dangerous mountains to join the Corps of Boy Warriors at King Connor's court. He became the marvel of the country in deeds of arms while he was still a boy. When he was eleven years old, he went to the estate of Culaine. The men had forgotten that he was coming and let out Culaine's giant hound. He rushed at Setanta, who killed him with a small knife. All marveled at this deed, but Culaine complained that his watch-dog was gone. Setanta then agreed to guard Culaine's estate, and so he did very efficiently. After that he was known as "Cuchulaine," the Hound of Culaine. He vowed to become a warrior on a prophetic day, and this meant that he would die very young.

When he was a young man, Queen Meave, a sorceress, put a sleeping spell over the men of Ireland so that they slept while her men were ruining the country. Cuchulaine held back Meave's army alone until the spell wore off the Irish warriors. They drove Meave out of Ireland. She vowed that she would kill Cuchulaine. His friends persuaded him to hide in a mountain retreat with his wife, Emir. Finally, some witches found Cuchulaine and gave Meave a method for killing him. She cast a spell over him so that he thought that Ireland was being conquered. He came out of his retreat. A vision came to him of the horses of Manamar MacLir, the ocean god; he knew it was the fateful omen of his death. He was killed by a magic spear, "Hewer." The pillar where he stood to die is still called "The Pillar of the Hero's Dying Sigh."

Dierdre is a famous heroine known to all the peasants. She was a princess destined to spoil the lives of those around her. She was brought up in a little forest hut by an old woman named Lavarcham. She was supposed to marry King Conchubor, but when he came to carry her away she refused to go. He left her wonderful clothes. Naisi, the prince whom fate had appointed to be her lover, came to the hut to get shelter. Dierdre revealed herself as a princess to him. They were married and lived in perfect love in Alban with Naisi's two brothers to serve them. After seven years they thought perhaps their perfect love would wane, so they accepted King Conchubor's invitation to come back to his court in Ireland. King Conchubor had Naisi and his two brothers killed to get Dierdre for himself. She stabbed herself and fell into the open grave of Naisi and his two brothers.

In *The Legend of O'Donoghue*, Patrick Kennedy tells of a traditional hero dear to Irish peasants. Long ago there was an age of gold under the wise rule of O'Donoghue. Never did the crops fail during his reign. One night at a feast he prophesied of wonderful events for years to come and then walked out upon Lake Killarney and disappeared in a mist. He is in Tir-Na-n'Og, the Land of the Ever Young. On May Day mornings he comes to earth. His appearance to an individual means good fortune, and to a group means national good fortune and good crops.

Patrick Kennedy tells another legend in *The Enchantment of Gearoidh Iarla*. Gearoidh Iarla was a great warrior, who defended Ireland from English invasion. He practiced magic arts. His wife was so inquisitive about his secrets that at last he agreed to show them to her. He changed himself into a falcon and flew toward her, ordering her to make no noise. She screamed, and therefore he was enchanted. He is obliged to ride around Curragh of Kildare on a white charger with two-inch

silver shoes until the shoes are as thin as a cat's ear. His warriors lie asleep in an underground hall in Mullaghmust. When the time comes, a miller's son with six fingers on each hand will blow a trumpet, and Gearoidh Iarla will lead his warriors and drive the English out of Ireland. The last time Gearoidh Iarla was seen, the steed's shoes were as thick as a six-pence.

W. B. Yeats says that all changes in thought leave the Irish peasant untouched. "Through the years he has continued and will continue in his simple way of life and belief, keeping his folk-tales that reflect the unchanging cycle of life."

JANET CRINKLEY, '30.

THE ELEPHANT

You are but a pachyderm,
With ears aflop and trunk asquirm.
Where are you going? From whence do you come?
Do you long for the jungle that you call home?

I've been watching you 'most all the day,
Rocking in your elephantine way;
You pick up some hay from the hard dirt track,
Twist it, shake it, and throw it on your back.

You beg from me with your long trunk,
And eat, and eat—all kinds of junk!
You stand and sway, slyly winking—
Tell me now, what are you thinking?

MARY DELAMAR, '30.

A MINUET IN THREE MOTIFS**MINUET SCHERZANDO**

The caressing breath of the late June night—potent with the mingled odors of June roses and jasmine, vital and throbbing with the lilting whispers of violin, harp, and gay voices—scarcely ruffled the curls of the two small figures on the high, dark balcony. In absolute silence they knelt there—small and white-robed—both intent on the scene visible through the high windows of the ball room wing below.

“Look, Mary! See how pretty my mothah is! Ain’t she pretty? The very prettiest one in theah!”

A resounding slap echoed over the balcony.

“Why, Bob Affleck! You horried thing! Yo’ mothah ain’t half as pretty as my mothah!” Speechless with rage, Mary Hunt rose to her feet and glared down at her stunned cousin.

The tremulous light from the moon glistened on her silvery-light hair and was reflected in her dangerously flashing dark eyes. The soft, enveloping drapery of her white night-robe and the ethereal quality of her childish beauty caused old Mom Celie to pause and shake her snowy-turbanned head before disturbing the interesting tableau.

“Honey chile, come in heah outen dat night air! Yo’ gran’ pappy done sent for you an’ Marse Bobs to dancee fo’ de company. He says Marse Henry Clay done come,” explained Mom Celie, alternately boasting over the distinguished guest and scolding for the indiscretion of exposure to the lurking evils of the nocturnal atmosphere with only the protection of night-robés. “If you-all ain’t the gettin’-into-troublest chilluns I ever see! Hump yo’ selves an’ git on yo’ clo’es.”

Mary Hunt danced impatiently while her thick curls were combed and smoothed into order. Her tiny feet in their gleaming satin pumps twinkled from the lace flounce of her pantaloons. Stiffening with a thrill of ecstatic anticipation, she held up her slender, flushed arms, as the dress of pale pink slipped its cool satin surface over her sensitive body. Mom Celie shook her head proudly as Mary Hunt inspected her dainty self critically from shining curls to gleaming toe. The pink of the satin lent its flattering color to her round young cheeks and full, curved lips.

"Some day ma li'l baby's gwine ter be de prettiest lady in all Kentucky," predicted the proud old negro as she hustled her young charge along the thickly carpeted hallway. Anxiously she smoothed the already scrupulously glossy hair before turning her baby over to the gallant little boy at the head of the graceful, polished stairway.

Gravely young Robert Affleck bowed, and extended his hand with all the grace of a born cavalier. Though he was scarcely three inches taller than the dainty Mary, the gleaming black satin of his costume, closely clinging to his slender body, lent him height.

Black Celie watched with tears in her eyes as the diminutive couple floated down the broad steps into the huge drawing room. Her eyes were only for them as they moved with easy, sure grace through the stately measures of an old minuet; although the magnificent old mirrors reflected in kaleidoscopic tableaux, scenes of riotous color and breathtaking beauty. In the mirror-like floors were reflected the handsomest gowns and the most charming faces in all Kentucky. To Black Celie this was all an opalescent background—cloudlike, without detail, but satisfying—for her beloved children.

Ah! They had finished! A storm of applause—the deep-voiced plaudits of the distinguished man, the high, brittle laughter of the women—and above all the sweet, clear laughter of a happy child.

MINUET BRILLANTE

“Hey, Bobs! Ah’ll race yo’ to the house!” the graceful young girl in Sherwood green flung back over her shoulder. For answer the dark young man called “Bobs” spurred his handsome horse and together they thundered up the broad avenue. Laughing and breathless they drew rein in front of the wide verandah.

“Ah knew yo’ ol’ ‘Robin’ could nevah beat my ‘Kentucky Babe,’ ” panted Mary as she handed her reins to the grinning Negro boy. “Come on, Bobs! Ah haven’t seen Mom Celie yet. She’d just die if I ah came home from the seminary and didn’t see huh.”

As she walked, chin high and curls of molten gold clinging in damp tendrils to her forehead and neck, she might have been some sylvan goddess but for the ultra-smart cut of her woodland green riding habit.

Bobs worshipped her. In his quiet eyes lay the satisfaction of one who owns and appreciates a priceless treasure.

Black Celie, watching their approach, her heart over-flowing with happiness, crushed resentfully a dim foreboding that the miraculous good fortune of Mary Hunt could not last. “Bress her heart! De prettiest baby in all Kentucky! Dat’s what she is! Wonder is she seen her new ball dress. ‘Cose Marse Hunt couldn’t git ’naugurated without dem dressed lambs to dance for him—Hi dere, Miss Mary! You come to see yo’ ol’ Mom Celie?”

“Cose ah did. How well yo’ lookin’, Mammy! Hasn’t all this extra cookin’ been makin’ yo’ tiahed?”

"Laws, Honey! Ah likes it. 'Tain't every nigger gets to belong to de gov'nor of Kentucky! But how does you like to call yo' gran'pappy 'Gov'ner?'"

Laughing merrily, Mary Hunt flched a doughnut from the tempting array on a platter, and between bites confessed that she hadn't tried the new title yet. "Yo' see, ah didn't get the message that they wanted us to dance till yestahday. Ah know ah'll nevah get close to Granddad today—an' tomorrow ah'm goin' back to school! Oh, Bobs! Won't it be hard to go back after this holiday! The woods have nevah been greener or the skies bluah!"

Bobs, on being thus appealed to, admitted that it would be going against the grain to return to school on the next morning. Straight and tall, immaculately tailored, he stood in his West Point uniform with scarcely a trace of his babyhood; but his eyes, fixed wistfully on a feathery green woodland just beginning to be clouded by the first purple and mauve veils of twilight, betrayed his fresh, unspoiled soul.

Twilight deepened. In the woodland, fireflies lit their flickering lamps and eddied among the trees where the night birds were singing an experimental overture. Back in the big house, tall candles were lit and multiplied by their ghost selves in the tall mirrors and highly polished floors. The tangled threads of harp and violin, muted by the swelling chorus of gay voices, drifted through the open window where Black Celie stood, well out of sight, in the shadows. Dazed and happy, she watched men paying tribute to her folks—"My ol' Marse!"

Ah, there it came! The overture to the minuet. Anxiously, forgetting to remain in the shadows, Celie pressed close to the window. There! They were descending the stairs. Celie clutched dizzily at her heart. This tall, military young man "Marse

Bobs?" That slender young goddess her baby? Never! These were royal beings whom she in her humility must never again touch.

The candle flames gilded the waves in Mary Hunt's high piled hair, touched with reverent fingers her curving throat and arms, nestled for a moment in a fold of the regal gold brocade, and came to rest in the starry depths of her eyes.

Celie sighed with overfull heart as the dance ended and the congratulating crowds closed in between her and her darling.

MINUET PATHETIQUE

The late afternoon sun glanced pittily at the ruins of a great plantation—fields lying waste, charred embers of spacious barns, weed grown gardens, a great, rambling house with gaping wounds in the windows, a wide, shaky verandah, rickety steps with one plank missing.

One prying finger of light discovered a woman in faded gingham, seated behind one of the pillars. Her head, bent over her work, gleamed with a gold which rivalled the rays of the sun; but the face she raised at the sound of approaching footsteps was that of a woman who has suffered deeply and silently.

Happiness, deep and complete, erased these traces of suffering as she rose to greet the newcomer; but horror, stark and cold, struck them back with greater force in the next instant. Her magnificent form seemed to wither and shrink like a flower from a blast of furnace heat. She seemed about to faint.

“Bobs!” she faltered.

Facing her at the bottom of the rickety steps stood a man in grey uniform, tattered, torn, and stained. His head was bare and his white face lifted to her gaze. The deep lines carved in his face deepened as he followed her horror-stricken stare to his breast. There, pinned with a safety pin, was an empty sleeve.

Seeing the light of half-crazed hysteria dawn in her wide eyes, Robert Affleck extended his left arm, and ascending the worn steps, pleaded for her sanity and his—"Come, Mary, let us dance the minuet!"

Black Celie, turning from the doorway with blinding tears, heard the familiar steps, slowly and uncertainly at first, but with gradually increasing smoothness—while through the deepening shadows came the mournful plaint of the whip-poor-will.

MARION TATUM, '30.

NEWS ITEM

A lady dressed in foliage green
With pocketbook that color too
Came into town today.
Her hair was of a glorious sheen
Mixed with the early jonquil's hue
And morning's sunlight gay.
In her eyes the darkened skies shone gray,
And in her voice the notes of birds on wing.
We only know she came from far away,
And some folks say that she is called
Miss Spring!

EDITH MANGUM, '29.

JOE DIDN'T HAVE BAT BRAINS

"Well, he's gone!" Joe remarked as the train pulled slowly out of the little station.

Areeta Parker had always wanted a piano. And she was very particular. She didn't want one of these new fangled upright pianos, but an old-fashioned, black, oblong one. Areeta seldom wanted anything, but when she did want something, she was sure to get it. Hadn't she made enough money to put her through a big New York university? Hadn't she won the valedictory? And now that she wanted Pa to come up to see her graduate and help her select a graduation present, it was as certain that he would come as it was that he would scratch his back next time he wore his red flannels.

The three no'-count Parker boys watched Old Man Parker climb proudly aboard North-bound Number Eleven, and were ready for devilment. Not that they were bad boys, but rambunctious. Literary people know about Buffalo Bill and Billy the Kid and Bill Shakespeare, but the only wild Bill that could touch Bill Parker for cutting up was his own dirty little Billy Goat. Sam was equal to Bill and Joe put together in size, but not in brains nor mischief ability. Joe, by himself, didn't have bat brains.

They all looked right smart alike, tall, lank, and pretty, each with his blue eyes and black curly hair, but they were different in degrees of intelligence and unintelligence. The first thing Joe did after his pa left was to buy a slot machine. Now, anybody with the sense of a jack-rabbit knows that it's against the law to operate a slot machine in North Carolina, but then Joe didn't have bat brains. Sam and Bill were mad at first, but when they heard about the sheriff's tracing the slot machine, they saw that they'd have to stick by Joe.

Parkersville is right near the North Carolina-Virginia line, and Bill thought they should sell it (the machine, not the line) over in Virginia, but no one wanted to buy it because almost everybody has got bat brains. They thought they would have to throw the old thing in the well.

Then they received a telegram from Areeta. "Father ill with pneumonia taken after my graduation cannot return yet." This threw them into such a pickle that they decided there was only one thing to do, and that was to get drunk. Bill always said you could think better when you were drunk—at least you could if you had bat brains. But Joe didn't have bat brains. Getting drunk may not have done them any good, but when they sobered up, they found that Joe had rented a house just on the Carolina-Virginia line. Sam and Bill were madder than ever until Bill got an idea. People with bat brains do that sometimes.

They carried the slot machine to the house and left it there. Whenever a North Carolina sheriff called, the slot machine was in the Virginia side of the house, and whenever a Virginia sheriff came it was in North Carolina. This plan kept them safe for several days, but one morning Sam saw the two sheriffs approaching together. He ran to warn his brothers, but when he got to the house, Joe was sobbing, and Bill was standing sadly over a long, plain pine box. Sam stopped in the doorway, and a lump came into his throat.

"Not—not Pa!" he growled. The boys nodded their heads, and Bill handed him another telegram from Areeta. "Don't bother to wait for me cannot arrive before Sunday," he read aloud. Sam was the youngest of the three, and although he had known of his father's illness, the shock was great. He sat down heavily in a deep arm chair, his face sunk in his hands. Joe came over and threw one arm around his brother's shoulders.

It was thus that the two sheriffs found them. Parkersville did not admire Old Man Parker's worthless sons, but the old man himself and his daughter were both beloved. It was for love of Areeta and out of respect for her father that the sheriffs left without performing their duty.

Joe wished to see his father, and started to raise the top, but Bill laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Boys," he said in a broken voice, "the old man's gone. Let's not look at him as we are! We've been rotten, drunken, no 'count, worthless lizards! We haven't made life easy for him! We've been burdens! Areeta's the only one of us that's made good! I move we swear off of bootleggers and gambling places forever, and maybe, when we see him again—hang it, I don't mean to get sentimental, but on that day when we see him again, let's be able to say that, although we weren't any good when he was alive, we tried to do better after he—was—was gone!"

"I'm with you!" Sam cried huskily, and Joe nodded his head.

The next afternoon a long line of cars moved slowly to the cemetery, and just as the sun set behind the tree-tops, a simple pine box was lowered into the freshly turned earth. Sam and Bill wiped their eyes frequently, but Joe only gazed at his brothers sorrowfully and hoped that they would keep the vows all three had made just before the funeral.

The family circle—or rather triangle—was silent that night. Each boy felt embarrassed, and each wished to say something to comfort his brothers. At last Bill ventured a quiet remark.

"The next thing to do is to begin carrying out our plans, I suppose, and we had better decide how to get rid of that slot machine."

"Why," Joe began, "I think—"

He was interrupted by the opening of the front door.

"It's Areeta!" he cried suddenly, springing up and running toward his sister, who was standing in the door. His brothers followed him. As Areeta stepped in, she was pushed aside by a little old man.

"Pa!"

"Where's my piano? Hasn't it come?" cried Areeta when the excitement had subsided a little.

"Your piano! Why—er—we buried it!" cried Sam. "You see, we thought it was Pa!"

"Thought it was Pa!"

"Oh, no," Joe broke in, "It isn't buried! I opened it to see—I mean I opened it and saw what it was, so I substituted the slot machine!"

No, Joe didn't have bat brains. He had owl brains. And they weren't such a bad set of owl brains at that.

CLOSS PEACE, '30.

THE PEAR TREE

Tiny sprays of whiteness
Against an azure sky,
The song of the busy bumblebee
As he goes buzzing by.

Hundreds of little white fairies,
Hundreds of elves of green,
A sighing, lisping, summer breeze,—
On the ground, a snowy sheen.

HALLIE COVINGTON, '30.

AUNT JANE CHANGES HER MIND

“Get out of that bed, you lazy rascal!” yelled big Aunt Jane Dudley.

“I’m so tired and sleepy after having worked at the mill all night!” murmured the old Negro who was known to everyone as Uncle Frank Dudley.

“I’m going to tell you once more to get up, and then—!” Her fat body rocked to right and left.

“I can’t sleep at night ‘cause I work! And I can’t sleep in the day for you! What’s I going to do?”

“Of all the lazy, no ‘count niggers you are the worst! Git up! Hear me? Git up, I say!” Her voice rose higher and higher.

“Please, Janie, let me sleep a little longer!” Uncle Frank rolled over in the low wooden bed and groaned. A snore soon rose.

Aunt Jane looked at her sleeping husband and stamped her large, ragged shoes on the clean floor. Anger spread over her face. “I’m used to obedience, you rascal! No answer, huh! I’ll see about that!” She seized a horsewhip in her large, black hands and went to the bed. She planted both feet firmly on the floor, clinched her teeth, raised her arms, and the whip fell on the sleeping Negro.

“Oh! Oh!” yelled Uncle Frank. He jumped out of bed and began to groan.

“Leave my house! Don’t ever enter this door again!” shrieked Aunt Jane.

“Why, Janie, what’s the matter? Can’t I live here any more? I own this house as much as—”

“Shut up, you rascal!” Aunt Jane gave him a push and slammed the door.

Slowly Uncle Frank walked down the railroad track. In his sleepy and pained mind he decided to go to Parkersburg, his old home town. "I'll walk down this track as long as I can, and then I'll catch a train! Janie will regret that she drove me from my home and children!" Tears rolled down his wrinkled black face.

On and on he walked. "I'm so sleepy that I can't walk much farther! I'll stop at the next town and sleep!" he said.

Uncle Frank heard no sound, for he was partly deaf. His eyelids began to close, and his steps grew shorter. Soon he fell back, asleep, toward the rushing train. The engineer saw him too late. After running about ten feet past him the train stopped. Out rushed the crew! One of the men pulled Uncle Frank's body from under the train.

In a few moments a large crowd had assembled. A profound silence was over the place. The engineer whispered, "He's unconscious! See, he doesn't move! He must be dead! Uncle! Uncle!" he called, but Uncle Frank did not stir. "I know he's dead!" said the engineer.

"Joe, you and Tom rush him to the hospital!" Say, does anyone know who he is?" asked the policeman.

A Negro boy pushed his way through the crowd. "Why, that's Uncle Frank Dudley. I've been courting his daughter up in Masonboro!" he said. "I must rush up there and tell his family that he is dead!"

A panting Negro boy rushed up the steps of the Dudley home, crying, "Miss Jane! Miss Jane! Uncle Frank is dead! The train has done run over him! He don't say nothing when they call him! He don't move a bit! He's dead!"

Aunt Jane came running from the kitchen. "What! Where! Answer me, boy!

"Yes'm! he's down at Parkersburg! He's all dead!"

Tears began to roll down Aunt Jane's face. She walked up and down the floor, crying, "My poor husband! Oh, my poor dear husband! He's the best husband I've ever had! He's smart and good and now he's dead!" The room became very quiet except for the loud sobbing of Aunt Jane!

"Aunt Jane, I'm sorry for you! Don't cry, though! There's plenty men that'll jump at the chance to get you! Uncle Frank didn't like me. Say! Can I have your daughter Lizabeth?"

"You can have all I've got! I want no one but my dear, dead husband!"

"Miss Jane, my car is at the front gate! I'll take you to Parkersburg if you want to go!"

In a few minutes Aunt Jane was seated beside the boy. Both hands were over her face, and she sobbed loudly. The car rattled and puffed its way over ten miles of rough roads. It stopped beside a railroad.

"Where is he! I don't see him!" cried Aunt Jane. She jumped from the car. "He's not here! They have done buried him! Oh! My poor perfect husband! May the good Lord save me, a sinner!"

"Where is Uncle Frank?" the boy asked of the people standing nearby.

An old lame Negro man replied, "They have carried him to the hospital! He's dead by this time!"

"Save me! Save me!" cried Aunt Jane and she continued her sobbing.

Bill, the Negro boy, pulled Aunt Jane to the car, and sped toward the hospital. No words were spoken by either until Aunt Jane saw the hospital. At sight of this building, the thought of her sin, and the thought of her dead husband, she screamed.

The car stopped and Aunt Jane jumped out. Into the hospital she rushed. "Where is my dead husband?" she asked the nurse who met her at the door.

A smile spread over the face of the nurse, and she answered, "Calm yourself and I will take you to him!"

"I can't stand it!" screamed Aunt Jane.

The nurse led her down the hall. "Sh! Sh!" she whispered as she stopped in front of one of the rooms.

"Oh! Oh!" sobbed Aunt Jane.

"Cheer up, Auntie, he's not dead! He's not even—" She opened the door.

"Well, Auntie, did you think your husband was dead?" asked the doctor. "A gang brought him up here and said he was dead. We rushed him in and discovered that he was—"

"Dead!" screamed Aunt Jane.

No! He's not even hurt! Not even a bruise! It's a miracle how he escaped.

"But they said he wouldn't move! Why—"

"Oh! he was just making up some lost sleep!" replied the smiling doctor.

JULIA CROMARTIE, '30.

MOON LORE

O pale silver moon, weaver of shadows,
I pray you, tonight, through the star-strewn skies,
Bear your message of old, pregnant with love,
To him who stands sighing, awaiting your rise.

JEAN McIVER, '29.

IF I WUZ A SAILOR MAN

I

If I wuz a sailor man
You know what I'd do?
I'd gather some more sailors,
And have a hefty crew.
I'd be the captain of my ship,
Give orders left and right,
And have a sword at my hip
To put down any fight.

II

If I wuz a sailor man
You know what I'd own?
For a flag, I'd have a skeleton head,
Upon a skeleton bone.
My ship would be so great and strong
To bring in spice and gold
And all my seamen on it,
Would be so very bold.

III

If I wuz a sailor man
You know where I'd go?
I'd sail all seven seas
'Midst fog and ice and snow;
In all the foreign harbors
There'd always be a throng
To see what we had conquered
With our ships so big, so strong.

IV

If I wuz a sailor man
You know what I'd tell?
Of dangerous seas and pirates
And gales that seemed like hell;
Of cloudless skies above us
And a calm blue sea below;
With a flock of white gulls flying
Against the sunset glow.

V

If I wuz a sailor man
You know where I'd die?
On the restful sea that'd rock me to sleep
When at last my death wuz nigh;
My dirge would be sung by the sea gulls
Where no one would shed any tears;
The eternal whisper of the seas—
There I'd remain through the years.

ANN BALL, '30.

SKETCHES**THE GUNNER**

The roar of gun fire was almost deafening. Blast after blast pounded the sides of the staggering ship. Gunner Jenkins smiled grimly as he wiped his wet face with a reeking, powder-stained arm. "We'll git 'em yet!" he muttered. In the stifling heat of the smoke-filled room the other men worked silently, maneuvering their death-dealing instruments in a precise, indifferent manner. Jenkins spat tobacco juice in the direction of the enemy ship. "Bah! We'll git 'em!" he growled viciously, as he turned back to his gruesome task.

His muscled, sweating body glistened like bronze beneath the dim lights, made dimmer still by the dense smoke. His only garment was a pair of canvass trousers, blackened beyond recognition. His sandaled feet were planted far apart. Dripping black hair fell over his high forehead, and beneath this fringe the whites of his eyes shone in a startling manner. His other features were indistinct—all except his teeth, which flashed as he smiled savagely. His companions looked vaguely like him—all half-nude, all sweating freely.

With a heave of his powerful shoulders, Jenkins helped shove the deadly, steel-clad bullet into the gaping cavity that awaited it. He lifted his head and stared intently through the slit in the steel side of the ship, through which the slim snout of the gun was poked. His gaze was concentrated on the enemy battleship before him; and he felt, rather than saw, the turbulent, glassy green sea, the ashen sky, which seemed to have paled at the horrors being executed beneath it, and the grey clouds which had taken on the taint of the battle smoke. Even as he looked, his grimy hand pulled the lever which released the fatal shot.

Simultaneously there was a sickening crash in the room. Bedlam broke loose all around—men screamed and groaned in agony; panic-stricken sailors bolted; gunners fired wildly, frenziedly; curses intermingled with prayers. The ship careened to one side and began with terrifying swiftness to settle. Water poured into the room and rose rapidly.

In this pandemonium Jenkins alone remained stoically unmoved. At the first blow, a look of surprise had come into his face. His mouth dropped open, but his gaze remained glued to the opening. He shut his jaws as a spasm of dizziness passed over him, and one hand clutched a hole in his side from which the blood poured in jerks, running down and mixing with the grime and dried perspiration. He swayed crazily. The surprised look never left his face; the gleam still brightened his eyes. Suddenly he threw his hands above his head. "I tol' you we'd git 'em!" he screamed triumphantly and collapsed on the floor.

SYBILLE BERWANGER, '30.

FANTASIA

The vast auditorium seethed with the hushed roar of many voices, like the crashing of distant breakers. Programs fluttered—white bird wings. Across the great, bare stage walked a small man, his face a grey blur above the white of his shirt front and the black of his clothes. Thunderous applause rocked the building. Calmly tuning his violin, the sturdily built shadow man waited for silence. Then, in the expectant hush, he lifted his violin.

A thin stream of music slid over us, swelled to a torrent, crashed over falls and into still, green pools, where willows were

reflected in the gold-flecked depths. Gurgling over shining pebbles, the stream chanted over tiny cascades into the broad, smooth mill race—on and on till, with a burst of majestic power, it emptied into the sea.

Then the swirling fringe of a gay Spanish shawl caught us into the lilting measures of a Spanish waltz. Our hearts were in Spain with the intoxicating sweetness of a tropical moon, lazy, flower-scented breezes, and the thrum of a distant guitar—red, swirling fringe of a flowered shawl.

Then a wistful, familiar tune carried us to a homey apple orchard in May—simple, sweet breath of apple blossoms—children's laughter, high and happy—the swift flight of a blue bird, its trilling call.

With seracely a pause, a tinkling crash, as of shattered glass, a frothy sparkle of champagne, a deep, rich peal of an organ—and our souls knelt in a high arched cathedral. The air, pungent with incense and dying roses, pressed heavily on the dim candles. A single shaft of sunlight, whose dancing motes seemed strangely out of place, slanted across the pews. With solemn, triumphant grandeur, the organ swelled. Full and rich, the tones crashed to a climax.

With sickening swiftness our souls came back to the reality of the now incredibly ugly auditorium, the roaring crowds, the little grey shadow man bowing stiffly.

MARION TATUM, '30.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Mrs. Gray perspiringly pushed the hot iron across the damp sheet, making a slight sizzling sound as the moisture evaporated. Her black eyes, dilated with suffering, unseeingly watched the

little clouds of white vapor arise from the cloth and float slowly upwards to blow their hot breaths on her round, bloated face. Breathing in short, exhausted puffs, she shifted her extremely heavy weight from one swollen foot to the other. Her large nose was dark red, and her thick lips were pressed tightly together. Her weary eyes sought a tiny, nickel plated alarm clock on one end of the ironing board, then returned to the half pressed sheet, and she moaned softly.

Her hand pushed the iron more and more slowly until it finally stopped and, leaving the iron resting on the cloth, rose heavily to her flushed forehead. Her eyes became queerly dulled and dazed. The veins in her temples swelled and throbbed visibly, and her face deepened into a purplish red. Her blue lips parted, and she muttered thickly under her breath, "Another of—those awful—headaches! High blood-pressure—"

The sentence broke off short, and the hand dropped lifelessly to her side. Her knees bent weakly, and her bulky body sank ponderously to the uncarpeted floor and remained there motionless.

All was silent save for the little clock, which ticked unconcernedly, its tiny white face looking calmly at the white cloth, which was gradually acquiring a brown tint where the iron rested. There was no movement in the room save for the little spurts of white steam which rose from the iron and which gradually became a dark blue smoke, curling around the clock. From the cloth under the iron leaped little scarlet flames which danced gleefully over the blackening sheet and grew ever wider and taller, making red lights flicker and frolic over the furniture and over the strangely white face of the woman on the floor.

MARY DELAMAR, '30.

HOMESICK

The door opened, and a small boy in blue uniform rushed into the room and cast a quick glance about as if to assure himself that he was alone. With a quick movement he threw aside his cap and books, dropped into the only rocking-chair the room afforded, and hastily began reading a letter. Page after page he read, occasionally smiling as his eyes swiftly moved along the lines. At last he reached the end, only to begin at the first again and to read slowly this time, often stopping to gaze before him as if recalling some memory.

For several minutes he sat gazing into space, completely unaware of the room, with its two beds, two straight chairs, desks covered with books, and walls covered with pictures and pennants, and of the slowly increasing darkness. With a start he aroused himself as a bell sounded in the distance. His eyes wandered around the room, finally resting on a picture on one of the desks. It was a picture of a woman with a sweet smile and large, soft eyes.

Slowly he arose, walked to the window, and stood silently gazing into the distance. He was a small boy, probably about fourteen years old. His head, with its short black hair growing in a straight line above his broad forehead, rested against the window. His blue-clad shoulders drooped, his usually rosy cheeks were pale. One hand trembled as he twisted first one gold button and then another; his pink lips quivered in spite of the pressure of his small, white, even teeth. Tears in his blue eyes blinded him to the beauty of the scene before him. Far away arose a group of mountains, some purple, some red, yellow, brown, and green. Over the scene the setting sun cast a rosy glow that slowly grew fainter and fainter. Nothing disturbed the beauty and peace, for no sound was to be heard ex-

cept the faint ticking of a clock. Dark came and still the boy leaned against the window.

“Homesick,” he muttered at last.

“Hurry, Tom—we’re ready!” a voice called outside his door.

Quickly he turned, brushed his eyes with his hands, and felt for the light.

“Coming!” he replied, as he thrust the letter into his desk and cast one long, last look at the smiling woman.

MARY ALICE MURCHISON, '30.

THE REBUFF

He came trotting down the sea-wall, old, bent, side whiskered, and cheerful, his keen blue eyes sparkling with appreciation of the shining waters of the bay, and his wrinkled nostrils quivering with the joy of breathing the salty air.

A little fat girl danced along by his side, flirting her pink skirts around her chubby legs, and laughing as her black hair blew across her big eyes.

A tall young man came toward them. His clothes were very mussed, but his expression was haughty. The large string of fish at his side explained why his clothes were mussed, but there was no obvious reason for his unpleasant expression.

“Hello! That’s a fine catch! What have you got there?” the old man asked cheerily.

“Fish!” was the grouchy reply as the stranger pushed roughly past the two and continued his way down the seawall.

The old man stood a moment, shook his head sadly, and then went on as happily as before, but the little girl was hurt by the rebuff that she felt her grandfather had suffered. She glanced at the little boats that were bobbing up and down on the bay, and suddenly she made one comment.

“He’s prob’ly been jus’ aw’fly seasick!”

CLOSS PEACE, '30.

THE UNWELCOME VISITOR

Little mouse, we hear your fuss—
Do not think you can scare us;
Covered in our beds so tight,
You can't bother us tonight.

I draw the cover closer still
As you cross the window sill;
Go away, I do implore,
Do not scratch upon the floor.

I pull the cover o'er my head—
Are you crawling on the bed?
Why is it that you like us best,
You horrible, dirty little pest?

Why is it that you have to dine
On our crackers all the time?
Other people have food, too,—
Would not theirs do for you?

You are welcome, though, to eat
Even our last can of meat;
Little mouse, I'll let you be,
If you'll just not come near me.

RUTH CROMARTIE, '30.

NEWS NOTES

January 15-19. The mid-year examinations lasted a week. Each afternoon from five to six tea was served in the parlors by the faculty.

January 26. The Sigma Phi Kappa and Pi Theta Mu Literary Societies held their regular monthly meetings.

January 29. The Peace girls enjoyed hearing Jose Echaniz, a noted pianist, who appeared at the Hugh Morson High School under the auspices of the Civic Music Club.

February 3. Mrs. Currie, a missionary to China, spoke to the girls at the regular Sunday night meeting of the P. S. C. A. The girls enjoyed her talk very much.

February 12. Dr. Samuel Glasgow, of Knoxville, Tenn., was with us for a week of worship. Dr. Glasgow endeared himself to the hearts of all of us in meetings which did much good in the school.

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Mary: Ah—it's right on the tip of my tongue, but I can't get it out.

Miss Lalor: You'd better get it out quick—it's poison!

Betsy: What's the matter with Alice?

Julia: Oh, she just washed a pair of hose and then remembered that she had borrowed mine.

Edith: I want to go off somewhere where I won't see a single soul I know!

Ida: You'd better not take a mirror with you then.

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Elizabeth: I'm coasting.

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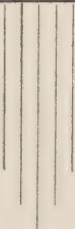
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